

SPORTS FOR EARLY WINTER

Prospects for a Great Battle Thanksgiving Afternoon.

WITH THE LOVERS OF THE ROD AND GUN

Choyinski's Downfall.—In the mountains, a watch report and other matters of particular interest to sportsmen.

Up to yesterday there was no very great surplusage of excitement in the sports world, and had it not been for the mauling match between Choyinski and Joseph Thibault, Choyinski, there would be but little to chat about today. But even this event furnishes but a meager theme, and the best I can do is to take over events to come and touch cursorily upon matters generally. The reason, and the only reason I can see why Choyinski did not lick Maher was because he did not lick him. It may be Joe's opals had something to do with it, but I hardly think so. Maher's bulk and power were simply too much for him. He withstood the big Celt's furious rushes splendidly up to the sixth round, giving about as much as he received. But in this innings the finale came. Joe got a crack long side of the think tank which caused him to see Plamario's shower of stars over again, and while he was engaged in speculating upon these celestial pyrotechnics the gentlemanly referee called him out to go over the records of the two men would be superlatively now that the battle has been fought and won, and the money probably divided. Alkali Peter had the natural advantages of weight, height and reach over Josephus, but so far as cleverness was concerned, it was a tie between them. While the result of the fight does not set Choyinski back a peg, in all just to Maher, I must say it has added more lustre to the tin crown he has so long worn in this country than any victory he ever achieved. Of course his triumph over old George Godfrey and the Harlem Coffee Cooler were creditable performances, but in the esteem of those in touch with the cognoscenti of the fighting world, they were nothing compared with his vanquishing Choyinski. The question will be now, "can Peter do better?" I doubt it. Such a thing as getting on a match with Plamario is out of the question, while that man called Corbett is not worthy of consideration. South Africa seems to be about the only point open to Colonel Maher. Let him go over there and get even with Joe Goddard. And why wouldn't it be a good thing to take Choyinski along? He would make a man with a hammer Ed Mahor and there would be a grand example of old scores. Denver Ed whipped the Barrier champion once, the Barrier champion whipped Maher and Maher whipped Choyinski, and Choyinski wanted to whip Smith but was not given a chance. What a combination for the student on form to work upon.

It is a source of surprise to many why the foot ball teams of Iowa and Nebraska work so hard on Thanksgiving day for victory, and why such a host of students come from Lincoln and over from Iowa to "heel" their respective teams and cheer them on to victory. It is because that game is the culminating game of the season, and the cause, in the eyes of the student body, the foot ball season has been a success or failure according to the way Thanksgiving day game has been won or lost.

The Thanksgiving day game is more important than any other game because it is a championship game, and it is more important than any other game because it is a game which decides the pennant. A beautiful elken banner, purchased by the four universities in this league is the trophy of victory, and there is a yearning in the heart of every student to see that banner in the trophy room or gymnasium of his own university.

For the past four years Omaha people have watched the great contest between Iowa and Nebraska without knowing very much about the league or over which university the clubs. The league is composed of the state universities of the four great middle states, namely: Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. It has been in existence since 1891, and has been the all-prevailing topic of conversation among the students in these universities during the fall semester. In 1891 Kansas won the pennant, in 1892 Kansas won again; in 1893 there was a tie between Kansas and Missouri; in 1894, Nebraska won the pennant; in 1895, Kansas won the pennant for the first time. In 1896 it is still an open question whether the winner will be Iowa, Nebraska or Kansas. Missouri, it is believed, is a dark horse, and, while possessing an excellent team, is out of the race for the championship honors. The present standing of the league is as follows:

Iowa	2	0
Nebraska	1	1
Kansas	1	1
Missouri	0	0

If Nebraska wins on Thanksgiving day she will be tied with Iowa, and if Kansas wins from Marion, Iowa will be tied with Nebraska. Iowa, all three teams will be tied; but if Iowa wins, her record of victories is unbroken.

In case of a tie there is a provision of the rules of the league that the team who has the fewest points scored against it in the league game is the winner. Iowa has had no points scored against it, Nebraska has had 22 points scored against her. It will therefore be necessary for Nebraska to lose by 22 points in order to have a chance for the pennant. A score of that size is by no means impossible. Two years ago Nebraska beat Iowa 22 to 0. In foot ball a team which has a very slight difference in the relative merits of the team, it is possible for a large score to be made.

The game this year will be the greatest exhibition ever seen in Omaha. Foot ball will be known to one of the most scientific of all games, and each team has been trying to outdo the other in the scientific execution of its plays. Both teams have spared neither time nor money in the endeavor to secure the services of Robinson of Brown university, who is a superb player for four years half back on Brown and was a player of such rare ability that he was chosen by Captain Walter as a substitute on the All-America team of 1895. He has instructed his team in all the new tricks of the game and the latest innovations. Being a great player himself he has been able to entice his men to harder work and steadier training than they have been accustomed to in years past. Nebraska plays faster ball than she ever has before, and is recognized as being especially strong on the offensive. The reason for this is that she must make those twenty-two points on Iowa Thanksgiving day.

Iowa, on the other hand, is coached by Bull, the famous coach of the University of Maryland's strong team of 1895, and under his generalship and careful training has made a game this season, and has not scored a point in the championship game.

This season Nebraska has lost two games; one with Kansas and one to Butler's sports professional team. Kansas City Medical College professional team and Missouri. During the existence of the league Iowa has never yet beaten Nebraska, although in one year she succeeded in playing a tie game, and Nebraska does not intend to back the record of consecutive victories. On the other hand, Iowa has been at the tail-end of the league so often that a great victory furnishes a great inducement. They are in the lead this year; they are golden opportunity and they are going to break their necks to make a tie-strike and carry off the much-coveted pennant.

Among the cranks and those who are best posted in foot ball the impression seems to be that Iowa is going to win. Plenty of even money can be had by those who wish to back up Nebraska. University park will be fitted up to accommodate the great crowd. There will be two entrance gates to the grounds; the southern gate will be the entrance to the grandstand, reserved seats, reporters' stand, managers' box and place for substitutes and trainers, doctors and attendants. The gate for cranks and old-timers will be on the east side of the

grounds on Twentieth street, north of the grandstand. Places will be reserved for tallies coaches and carriages. The game will begin promptly at 2 o'clock and a large number of policemen have been detailed to keep the crowd back of the ropes and perfect order will be maintained. The grandstand has been matted and cleared, and the grandstand where the seats command an excellent view of the field, and will afford protection in case of snow or rain. Reserved seats are on sale at Kuhn's.

A correspondent writes to know what I think of the horse breeding business and whether I would advise him to put \$10,000 or \$15,000 in a Nebraska farm, and in answer I must confess that I know precious little about the breeding industry, but, as a Nebraska farm, that's all right. It is handled properly. If my friend, however, would just let me have his ten or fifteen acres of land, a little while, I think I could put it where it would do a whole lot of good. I can conscientiously say to my friend, however, that where many are called into the breeding business are called to stay. Many men go into the breeding of horses who might for the good of the business, better have remained out of it. This fact we largely owe the superabundance of horses, a large percentage of which are of no earthly use, the glut in the market and consequently low prices. Not all rich men can hope to be successful breeders, although all men of wealth can be breeders if they choose. So, even wealth sometimes has its limitations. A man who is a breeder of a solemn truth that the major portion of successful breeders are men of moderate means. The Stanfords and Hamiltons in the racing world are almost as numerous as hens' teeth. But from the Stanfords and Hamiltons all men in the breeding business—rich and poor, may learn a profound truth. They know enough to know that you cannot raise peaches from mullen stalks, and you cannot raise a champion horse from a mullen mare. "Like begets like, or the likeness of some ancestor." Hence they blended intelligently with intelligence, and as a result have bred with lines that were reasonably certain to produce what they sought for. This, briefly, all there is in the breeding problem. It is a business, and those who do not know all the points that go to make a perfect horse, those who are ignorant of producing strains and do not possess the skill and patience to breed, had best shun the breeding business. For the end of that man will be one of bitter disappointments if not bankruptcy.

The owners of Star Pointer, the Tennessee racing wonder, and Joe Patchen, the Kansas champion, I see are still in the fight. They are in the fight in spite of the wintry weather. On Tuesday last, at Philadelphia, they paced a match race for \$1,000 a side. Pointer won in straight heat, 2:45 1/2, and 2:50 1/2. The result was somewhat of a surprise, inasmuch as Patchen had recently made a mile over a half-mile track in 2:04 1/2, stamping him as one of the greatest horses of the nineteenth century. Not all horses can negotiate well thrown-up turns of even mile tracks without losing their stride. How much more difficult must it be for a horse to negotiate a half-mile track, and the animal of Joe Patchen's tremendous stride—something like twenty-seven feet at full speed, I believe—to do the trick?

A report comes from Glasgow, Scotland, where Tommy Connell, the Irish-American champion runner, is now located, that he will not return to this country for some time, but, with his manager, will tour England during the winter and show the Englishmen that his American records are no myth. It is the intention of Connell's manager to have a series of indoor races with the cracks of Europe. The last of the series of races between Connell and Bacon were completed at Glasgow on October 25. Bacon won by ten yards, but Connell made the best showing in this race since he has started. He covered the distance in 1:58 1/2, a time which was considered a wonderful performance. Despite the fact that Bacon won all three of his races against Connell recently, the English public, however, has accepted them as all right, and are anxious to see him against Bacon again. The English public, however, has accepted them as all right, and are anxious to see him against Bacon again. The English public, however, has accepted them as all right, and are anxious to see him against Bacon again.

"Following the races" has by usage become somewhat of a generic term, and to the general public signifies any one who takes an active interest in the sport of kings and attempts to read the daily paper or otherwise, with the idea of betting either occasionally or regularly on the result of the races. The term, however, as understood by horsemen, has an entirely different meaning. A follower of the races, as understood by the bookmakers and the betting public, is one who makes horse racing a business, and who, wherever there is racing for the purpose of wagering with the bookmakers, is to be found. The term, however, as understood by horsemen, has an entirely different meaning. A follower of the races, as understood by the bookmakers and the betting public, is one who makes horse racing a business, and who, wherever there is racing for the purpose of wagering with the bookmakers, is to be found.

The promoters of the forthcoming six-day race at Madison Square garden have every reason for being sanguine of its success, says the New York Herald. When the race is assured some of the best American talent, and as soon as their foreign representatives can convince the French and other spectators on every street crossing by the hundreds, they will probably have some of the most successful six-day races in the history of the sport. The race will be a great success, and the promoters are sanguine of its success.

It begins to look as if my old friend, Charlie Gensler, president of the Bohemian Sporting club, New York, stood in the line of the lead pipes. If this is not the case, the old man is nutty, and it is all there is to it. He wrote to both me and John Kelly last week, and in the letter he said that he was a five-round contest, to be pulled off in his club in the latter part of January, and that Homer John Kelly shall be referee. Of course Corbett accepted the offer with readiness and dispatch. But not so with the referee. Kelly is a man of the whole snap away. Robert remembered too well his connection with the Corbett-Mitchell fight at Jacksonville, and he very properly refused to be a referee in Gensler's grotesque proposition.

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knows that if ever a referee stood in with a fighter, Kelly stood in with Corbett. As I have often reiterated, that was the dirtiest and foulest of all the dirty and foul tricks ever perpetrated in the ring. Kelly, on account of Referee Kelly. When in El Paso last February, Pat Masterson told me that he had positive evidence that Kelly had money on the fight, and that Mitchell, had he shown up Corbett's master, would have had it pulled against the whole regular army. Kelly allowed Corbett's bulky seconds inside the ring during the entire fight, he allowed Corbett to strike Mitchell when he was down, and to can the climber in the third round, when Mitchell was hanging helpless on the ropes, and Corbett had the right to knock him down. Kelly, who grasped him by the arm and pointed over to where the Englishman was dangling, as much as to say, "he's not out yet, Jim, and Jim takes the time, and Kelly, who took his feet like a tiger—he pretended to be in an uncontrollable rage all through the fight, you can see it in his face, but cowardice, that was actuating him. He ran over and gave Mitchell a cruel smash in the jaw, nearly knocking him out among the spectators. Yes, yes, Masterson told Corbett and Kelly are good things—to keep away from. But they can't fool Colonel Fitzsimmons, no one need to fear.

One week from Tuesday night Fitzsimmons and Sharkey will do their little turn out in "Prize Ring." It is to be a \$10,000 winner take all or nothing. I think it will be Fitz's all, Sharkey nothing. Uncle Bill Naughton says that the hard-headed sports men in "Prize Ring" will be the ones to depreciate his judgment. That's the case with me, exactly.

John R. Gentry, possibly the greatest pacer horse in the world, now belongs to the owner of Robert J. Barker Tewkesbury of New York City. He bought him at auction last Thursday for \$19,000. With this pair of matchless sidewheelers Mr. Tewkesbury will surely cut a big figure in light harness affairs next season.

Lasker, the present chess champion of the world, seems to have ex-Champion Steinitz on the hip in their present match. Thus far the old veteran has won but one game, while Lasker has chalked up four.

FOREST, FIELD AND STREAM.

A Wintery Rumble with the Devoles of Rod, Dog and Gun.

Each comrade has received so many complaints from sportsmen protesting against the wholesale sealing and winter fishing, which is being carried on at Cut-Off lake and other waters of the state with absolute impunity, that it is their intention to take immediate steps to enforce the law from this on through the season. As all local anglers know, bass fishing in Cut-Off was a farce this summer, and the people fishing almost as bad, and when it is considered that these fish were taken out of this lake by the ton last winter and peddled about the city from wagons, with no pretense at evading the authorities, the scarcity of these splendid species is not to be marveled at, and it is high time the fish commission took a decisive step toward remedying the evil. If the law is to be enforced, it will be well to abandon so far as any good they accomplish by stocking lakes and streams is concerned. If the miscreants who fish for a living are to be allowed to prosecute the illegal sealing and ice fishing, the expenditures of the board is so much money burnt up. A special warder should be appointed to patrol the waters, and any infraction of the law coming under his observation should be reported to the board and the zealous prosecution of the offenders should be entirely to the board. There is no doubt but that heroic measures must be adopted at once, if any of the game fish are to be saved. A leniency has always been shown to the sealers, and the fishing to supply their own larders, but this cannot be tolerated longer, as it furnishes a loophole for the escape of the sealers and the consequent loss of the fish. No distinction should be made in favor of any one. When a man is found fishing illegally, or out of season, he should be arrested and dealt with according to law.

Bolla Helkes, of Dayton, O., made another record for rapid shooting on the new grounds of the Cleveland Gun club a few days ago. Shooting at Blue Rocks, thrown from the Magastrap, he broke sixty-five out of twenty-five, and the last one was a 20-bore from the muzzle to within about six inches of the breech, and from this point to the breech the interior of the barrel was filled with smoke. Helkes' record enlarges it to a 12-gauge at the chamber. Here the metal parts are of unusual thickness and give resistance to the strain of the large charge.

It will be seen that tournament managers are taking notice of the dirt and mud, and all indications the season of 1897 will be as successful as the one nearly finished. Helkes' record is a fine one, and the sportsman have ever seen. The tournaments during the past year have drawn more shooters, and a larger amount of money has been paid out in prizes than ever before. While many of the old veterans have dropped the game, there have been hundreds of new recruits, and a new claimant for championship honors. Men will come to a tournament and stay for a week, and a week almost entirely unknown, except for the name of the tournament, and suddenly develop into regular crackshoots. Examples—Frank Carmichael and Irvine Gardner.

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The cool, damp weather of the past week has brought delight to the hearts of sportsmen. Conditions are now favorable to that ideal sport, quail shooting, and parties are starting out. Today will likely be a great day for the shooters, as the dampness has softened the soil and added an abundance of freshness to field and wood. The birds will be well, and dogs should work admirably.

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Charles Zwerlein of Yardsville, N. J., is making every preparation for his prize, a 100-bird shoot, which will take place on the fair grounds at Trenton, N. J., on December 1 and 2. The first day will be a 100-bird shoot, and the second day a 100-bird shoot. The prize is a handsome trophy, presented by Gus Zimmerman, the celebrated rifle shot. Mr. Ross also won the Bookman trophy for the best ten shots.

Mrs. H. L. O'Brien, the wife of a Brooklyn physician, has the credit of killing a deer that weighed 255 pounds. It was a buck and had fourteen prongs on its antlers. She fired three shots before killing the animal, and it is the finest killed in the Adirondacks this season.

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Ans.—It was passed August 1, 1892.

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colony will again yank off his curls. The betting is even.

The man who has Irvine Gardner's English pointer, lemon and white, bob-tail, will be suitably rewarded by notifying the sporting editor of The Bee.

There is said to be a growing demand for a small-bore gun with good penetration up to fifty yards. The gun is to be a 20-bore, and a repeater is preferred. It is believed that the desired weapon has been produced at the east iron medal, and has a claim to "championship of America" again. Come, Carver, let up on the ducks, and give Parmelee a match.

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G. W. Loomis, Frank Parmelee, Charlie Johnson and Fred of this city, and Major Smith of Fort Keogh, have been down in Kansas for the week past killing quail. That's what I said, killing quail. They brought back over a thousand brace.

Who the Sporting Editor of The Bee: Please answer in friendly edition when correspondents send the eight-hour a day law for common labor for government employees?—U. S. Town.

Ans.—It was passed August 1, 1892.

The sporting editor tenders acknowledgments to Billy Townsend, proprietor of the Cross Gun company, for a most delectable article on the "Turkey" in the New York Life. The article is a regular shooting naturalism about the deer, antelope, wild fowl and quail, down in Texas, and the choice cut from my residence was when the carcass of a 2-year-old buck he forwarded to his father, Captain Townsend of the Department of the Platte, several days ago. A half dozen fine quail also found their way to my desk yesterday, a tribute from that excellent fellow sportsman, Mr. Con Young.

The cool, damp weather of the past week has brought delight to the hearts of sportsmen. Conditions are now favorable to that ideal sport, quail shooting, and parties are starting out. Today will likely be a great day for the shooters, as the dampness has softened the soil and added an abundance of freshness to field and wood. The birds will be well, and dogs should work admirably.

J. A. R. Elliott of Kansas City, Mo., won the Kansas City Star American wing shot championship cup by defeating James Riley at Kansas City, on November 7. Riley started with a 20-bore, and Elliott with a 12-bore. Elliott shot in fine form, and finally won by killing 92 out of 100 to Riley's 81. Riley fell down badly in the last half. Elliott used a "pump" gun and American E. C. powder. Charlie Budd was expected to challenge J. A. R. Elliott for the cup, and if they meet a great race may be expected.

Charles Zwerlein of Yardsville, N. J., is making every preparation for his prize, a 100-bird shoot, which will take place on the fair grounds at Trenton, N. J., on December 1 and 2. The first day will be a 100-bird shoot, and the second day a 100-bird shoot. The prize is a handsome trophy, presented by Gus Zimmerman, the celebrated rifle shot. Mr. Ross also won the Bookman trophy for the best ten shots.

Mrs. H. L. O'Brien, the wife of a Brooklyn physician, has the credit of killing a deer that weighed 255 pounds. It was a buck and had fourteen prongs on its antlers. She fired three shots before killing the animal, and it is the finest killed in the Adirondacks this season.

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